THE SONG BOOK

American Numismatic Convention, August 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1911
Chicago, Illinois

Six-thirty O'clock Banquet, LaSalle Hotel

ILLINOIS

By thy rivers gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois,
By the prairies verdant growing,
Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these—
Illinois, Illinois.

From a wilderness of prairies,
Illinois, Illinois,
Straight thy ways and never varies,
Illinois, Illinois,
Till upon the inland sea,
Stands thy great commercial tree,
Turning all the world to thee,
Illinois, Illinois.
(Repeat last two lines)

"DIXIE LAND"

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old time dar am not forgotten,
Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie Land.

Chorus:

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, Away, Away down South in Dixie;
Away, Away, Away down South in Dixie.

ANNIE LAURIE

Max-wel-ton's braes are bonnie, where early fa's the dew
And it's there that Annie Laurie gied me her promise true.
Gied me her promise true, which ne'er forget will be, and for
Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.

EV'RY LITTLE MOVEMENT

Chorus:

Ev'ry little movement has a meaning of its own;
Ev'ry tho't and feeling by some posture can be shown;
And every love tho't that comes a stealing o'er your being
Must be revealing, all its sweetness in some appealing little gesture all its own.

WEARIN' OF THE GREEN

Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going 'round,
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin' the wearin' of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's the most distressful country, that ever you have seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearin' of the green.

MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND

Chorus:

Meet me tonight in dreamland,
Under the silv'ry moon;
Meet me tonight in dreamland,
Where love's sweet roses bloom;
Come with the love-light gleaming
In your dear eyes of blue,
Meet me in dreamland—
Sweet, dreamy dreamland—
There let my dreams come true.

OLD GREY BONNET

Chorus:

Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
And through the fields of clover, we'll drive up to Dover,
On our golden wedding day.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-bye hard times comes knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home—Good night.

Chorus:

Weep no more, my lady, O, weep no more today,
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

Chorus:

In the good old summer time
In the good old summer time,
Strolling through a shady lane
With your baby-mine,
You hold her hand and she holds yours
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsey wootsey
In the good old summer time.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys! We'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

MY WIFE'S GONE TO THE COUNTRY

Chorus:

My wife's gone to the country, hurray! hurray!
She thought it best, I need a rest, that's why she went away.
She took the children with her, hurray! hurray!
I don't care what becomes of me, my wife's gone away.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We are tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days
When my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends
From the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth
To a better land I know—
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' auld lang syne?

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' auld lang syne?

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword.
His truth if marching on.

Chorus:

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall;
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hueter sein?

Chorus:

Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein:
Fest steht uhd treu die Wacht.
Die Wacht am Rhein!
Fest steht und treu die Wacht,
Die Wacht am Rhein!

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty;
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills;
Like that above.

M. S. WERNER
1270 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 1, N. Y